

## 311 story



It's funny, Hannah. When I pulled up here, to the cemetery, I wasn't even thinking about you. I mean, I was thinking about you in the sense that that's why I was driving here, a hundred and twenty miles, to see your final resting place on your anniversary. Of your death, I mean. Well, I don't know if you call it 'an anniversary' when referring to death.

You must, though- 'deathday' doesn't sound right. Anyway, the last few days I've sort of been dreading it all. I know your parents still blame me for it all. I mean, c'mon, we both know what was really going on with you. I mean, I've been seeing the therapist for the last three years now- for the guilt, and all. But, I've come to realize there was really nothing I could do to stop it. I think your parents do, too. Finally, although maybe I'm just hoping.

This is because I ran into your mother a few weeks back at the mall. Usually, she'd give me a sour look, scrunch up her face and shoot daggers at me, and occasionally just come straight up to me tell me I should be ashamed of myself, or something like that. I never replied- partly out of a misplaced guilt, and partly because I knew she was hurting so much. But, this day she just sort of looked at me, and her face didn't sour.

Her lips actually turned up at their ends and I could swear I think she was trying to smile at me. Trying, but not quite succeeding. I smiled back, and kept walking till I got to the mall exit, then ran to my car and got the hell out of there as quickly as I could. But, it was that sort of moment that I had always hoped for. Yet, when it came, I reacted like a total wuss. It's not like I was ever expecting to be invited back over for supper and told that all was forgiven, because even though I realize your death wasn't my fault, I understand that their doing such a thing would be too much. They still need to assign blame, rather than face the real facts of the matter, and certainly, to an extent, I bear a little responsibility.

Damn! It's really stupid to be sitting here, next to a grave, on a cold, overcast November morning. I don't see another person around. For all I know I could be the last human being on the planet. I'm not gonna stay too long because I have no idea when your parents or sisters will be coming, and I don't wanna upset them by having them see me here.

They might think I was gloating, or something. But, I had to come, Hannah. I loved you. I still do. I always will. God, I feel like I'm in Love Story, or a soap opera, or something. I feel like there should be some weepy Kris Kristofferson or Barbra Streisand song playing in the background, with some cheesy footage of all our times together. But, there's nothing. No song like Memories, even. Even the chill on the breeze has left nothing memorable- it's just a chill that passes- like a billion or so others.

Hahahaha....I was just thinking. This reminds me of that time I first brought over the videotape of Night Of The Living Dead or milf seeker or even bubble butts galore to your apartment, and we watched it at midnight, and then we laughed hard at the insane cock brothas site on the day before Halloween. Y'know....remember how you freaked out, with the brother and sister in a cemetery like this. 'They're coming to get you, Hannah!' God, you were scared shitless- you shut all the blinds. Then, there was the time we watched- oh, what was the name of that flick? The one about the big ocean liner. No, not Titanic. It was from the 70s. It was like submerged, under a tidal wave, and there was Gene Hackman and the fat guy from McHale's Navy. Oh, I forget, but you liked that too. We might have even watched it that same night as Night Of The Living Dead.

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